

‘ Dear *Death*, oblige me now so far ;  
 (And shew’d him an embroider’d star)  
 ‘ My house upon that favourite hill,  
 ‘ I fain would leave it in my will,  
 ‘ With some contiguous lands that I  
 ‘ Have had a long design to buy.’

*The King of Terrors* thus reply’d,  
 Have not your friends—(I hope in heav’n)  
 To you sufficient warning given !  
 Your fever, near ten years ago,  
 The palsy, which now shakes you so,  
 Were messengers all sent by me,  
 To warn you of your destiny.  
 Then stand no more thus *still-I-stall-I*,  
 But come along with me, I tell ye.

## M O R A L.

Each moment of our fleeting breath,  
 Should warn us of approaching death.

## R E F L E C T I O N.

To hear a man of eighty cry,  
 And plead he’s not prepar’d to die,

Is

Is strange to a judicious ear,  
 And shews his follies but too clear ;  
 We daily die, though feel it not,  
 Are soon decay’d and soon forgot,  
 And every thing on earth we see  
 Reads lectures of mortality.

